

Having put her 2 up
on Daycare's Minibus,

Laur sips hot chocolate
outside the back shed;
she pulls the blankets

closer as sullen winds
doppler back silk-musics
of laughing children.

"Relish such moments! There
won't be many more,"
whispers she. A confidence.

Rose petals zephir in.
"This is what Beauty is!"
she breathes. Her 2

will soon alight, backpacks,
& double-jointed dolls. *Their*
teachers *rush...*

Laur sips thinking how
doctors told her nothing

...to greet them!

more to do...

All the kids are loveliness. (*Even*
as Packy Elkot boy-jokes of Peepee!)

The drink, still steamy,

drops from her.

Air's so very cold now!

Laur daydreams she dies,
& does.

Trucks jostling on the Causeway,
the weathergirl teases
the wily anchorman. Hey!

forgotten soon enough, Laur,
since Life shoves on! Or
is that Time?